

WOMEN, INTERNATIONALLY, ABOVE WAR'S HATREDS



The Duchess of Marlborough

Mrs. Arthur M. Dodge

Leader in Anglo-American Red Cross Work in London.

Who has pledged the Anti-Suffragists to Red Cross activities.



Miss Elizabeth S. Holdane

In charge of the Red Cross Nurses in England.



Lady Crewe

Responsible for the Prince of Wales Fund.

WITH THEM THERE IS NEITHER FRENCH, GERMAN NOR ENGLISH—ONLY SISTER WOMEN BOUND BY A COMMON WOE.

By DORIS E. FLEISCHMAN.
WOMEN throughout America and Europe have rallied to the support of the measure that they know to be the living engines of death, and toll equally, in consequence, to lessen a trifle the resultant misery, weeping over the wreckage in their well-nigh hopeless effort to piece it together.

Women hate war. The world knows that, has always acknowledged the fact—and forgotten it at each convenient crisis. Women, too, unorganized, and ignorant of the strength and power that their hatred might have, have lost sight of their fear of barbarism, and are felt only their unhappiness and their horror, have waived their protests at the instigation of men, and have ministered to the fighting and the wounded. The dead they mourned.

Women Internationalized.

But a large number of women are showing a brave consistency. They have combined in horror and shame, and now cry out against the tragedy being enacted daily. They have internationalized themselves and now the suffrage societies of Germany, Russia, France, Austria-Hungary, and of neutral powers as a result have come together and sent Mrs. Rosika Schwimmer as a representative of the women of the warring nations and their neighbors to America to mediate.

Love Patriotism by Their Opposition. While some women are laboring to secure funds to further Red Cross work, while others are knitting for the soldiers, these women are trying to make peace. While men are fighting each other, their women have absolutely wiped out the barrier of enmity and have declared their universal sisterhood. The various women's suffrage societies have sent to each other messages of esteem, affection and sympathy.

"They have achieved a higher nationalism and patriotism," declares Mrs. Schwimmer. "They show that they love their country quite as well, but more wisely, in opposing their country's mandates and laboring for immediate cessation of destruction."

The executive committee of the New York State Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage has decided to give up the mass meeting planned for the month of October. Instead, the whole association is to take part in the raising of funds for the Red Cross work. At the suggestion of Mrs. Arthur M. Dodge, president of the National Association, it has been decided to have a "Rose Day," on which day groups of women will sell roses for the benefit of the Red Cross fund.

In addition, Red Cross boxes for silver and other coins are being placed in the headquarters of the New York State Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage. Mrs. Dodge has said that she will ask for only \$5,000 for the association's use this year, rather than the customary \$16,000, so that no funds may be wasted on a cause of secondary importance.

All Women Respond to Mrs. Dodge's Appeal.

All the Western states, even those that have equal franchise, have responded to the appeal of Mrs. Dodge, and are collecting money. In Massachusetts the headquarters have been turned into a sewing room. Machines have been installed, and the women are busily making garments.

The Century Opera Company has agreed to give the proceeds of its first two performances to the fund. September 14 and 15, "Romeo and Juliet" will be performed, and a committee of women, with Mrs. Elmer Black at the head, has undertaken to see that all tickets for the house are sold. Mrs. Otto H. Kahn, Mrs. Philip Lydig, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, Mrs. James Lees Laidlaw, Mrs. Arthur M. Dodge, Miss



Mrs. Rosika Schwimmer

Mabel T. Boardman, Mrs. William Howard Taft and many other representative women are among the sponsors. Actresses, Mrs. William Faversham at their head, have sacrificed their time to do the actual selling of the tickets.

American Help Appreciated.

Miss Mabel Boardman speaks appreciatively of the efforts of American women to help the Europeans, but she declares, they do not realize how very much they are in need of infinitely more support. The nurses are relinquishing at least \$100 a month salaries for \$60 ones, and so, in addition to giving up all their time and labor, they are donating \$40 a month to the cause.

Miss Boardman adds: "Mrs. Whitelaw Reid has agreed to contribute \$500 a month as long as hostilities last. This is splendid, and even the smallest contribution, just a trifle each week, will help enormously. Money is needed most of all, but provisions, too, are necessary. Garments for the nurses and surgeons, for the patients, must be taken over from here, and the garments

must all be new. "There is much praise due not only to the nurses, and to the women who have helped to finance the endeavor, but also to such women as Miss Jane Delano, the chairman of the National Red Cross Nursing Service, who has had such terrific labor in choosing the nurses who are going on the first ship and the gathering of their equipments."

"We received a cablegram from Paris stating that the need for our assistance there was great. We must respond. Everything has been made as simple as possible for those who wish to work."

Some Adverse Criticism.

A bit of adverse criticism on those women who take time to make garments, when they could so much better seek out destitute women who are in need of work and in need of the money which would accrue to them from their doing it instead, is offered by Miss Eva Ward, of the Empire State campaign committee.

"Of course, I do not disapprove of

these people working. But if they only realized what mischief their medieval sentimentalism is doing they would find out some other way to work. I am talking of the women who have money to contribute, and yet prefer to sit around and have the nice little thrill and happy sensation that come from doing something."

Taking Work from the Needy.

"Instead they are taking away money and the opportunity to earn it to assist the wives and sisters of the very men whom they are succoring. In this age of enlightenment and efficiency these women should remember that they are perhaps not as capable as the others,

and they will be accomplishing twice as much good if they take the trouble to seek out the poor and needy to do the work which they may sacrifice themselves to pay for, instead of doing the work themselves and pauperizing these women."

Mrs. Mary Dennett, too, calls this kindly but misplaced sentiment. "It is a survival of the period in which men are still languishing and which women are beginning to pride themselves that they have outgrown."

While suffrage societies in this country officially have done little to assist the Red Cross, they have done much individually. Mrs. Carrie Chapman

Nurses on board the Red Cross



Miss Mabel Boardman
PHOTO CLINICIST

AN ENGLISHWOMAN'S DIARY DURING WAR TIME

August 20, 1914.

It is not three weeks since the crash of war came upon us, and already they are fighting the battle of the nations on the old battlefields. No shadow of war falls on this peaceful garden, with the roses blooming in the borders and country scents of clover and dandelion, but we are getting accustomed to the sense of a stupendous calamity.

Our England at war, and such a struggle as the world has never known before! How has it come about?

Such a few days ago, it seems, I was by Torbay, I was watching a fleet of men-of-war—at anchor there. They were so graceful in the near distance, with their light rigging and masts and fine modelling, that they

looked like wonderful playthings rather than grim defenders of the land.

"These . . . Will Never War," "These will never go to war," I told myself.

Then, one morning, they had all gone. They had vanished silently in the dawn, already on stern duty. And then we heard Germany had fallen on France, and immediately I thought, "What must England do?"

Sunday the postoffice was kept open in case of a wire to the reservists. "This means war," I said. At noon the summons came. By 4 they had gone. Monday was a general holiday and a blank day, save waiting and wondering. We played on the beach, laughed and were happy.

Tuesday the nation was at war. It was a relief to the tension, but the fact seems incredible, even now. I have been away in France, and could never harbor the conviction of many that there might be civil war over Ireland, and that our peaceful security could be shaken in a world conflict seemed for the time being an impossibility.

"Play Our Part Worthily." It has often been said that we were living over a powder magazine. An armed Europe! The bomb at Sarajevo has caused a mighty conflagration! The only thing left is now to play our part worthily. And the nation has risen to a common duty. Whatever the causes that led up to this, we must stand together now. So say all of us, including the Ulster Volunteers. And such a conflict must have been inevitable, I think. The issues are so complicated and involved that under the present bar-

barous system of armaments only the sword could untie this Gordian knot.

The men were building the hydroplane shed. "No need for this yet awhile," I had said a few days earlier. "France will keep the hydroplane over there." "Oh, this'll be ready for afterward," said they.

Tuesday one of the carpenters, a bright fellow, came late. "I've been to offer for my old troop that was raised for the Boer war," he explained, "Driscoll's Scouts."

"I wonder if I shall have to go," remarked Tom Harris, a grizzled man of sixty-five. "I'm on the reserves." He has sons in the army and navy, and with his wife has brought up a family of ten out of nineteen children, so has deserved well of his country.

"What a terrible thing it is going to be for every one—as much for those who stay behind as for those who go to the war."

Good for Trade.

"Oh, good for trade," they agreed cheerfully. "There'll be lots of work afterward."

"As I see it," said Tom Harris, "we've got to go and defend Belgium from them Germans."

"Yes, it's not our own quarrel, but we've got to stand by our friends and our treaties. What has France done that Germany should fall on her?"

Wednesday, the fifth, I was rushed up to town for fear of being held up indefinitely in Devonshire. There was quiet along the line, and at Paddington only a stir of returning holiday makers, although the porters said lots of troops had been through. I went down to Chiswick to find my people very depressed and sad. "Just

ruin ahead for everybody," said my uncle, a banker. Banks closed, shops rushed, investments at once made valueless, the financial system of the world paralyzed—no one could tell what the position was. I was considered a hopeless optimist when I tried to maintain a cheerful front, my heart all the time heavy for others. So two days went by and we began to adjust ourselves, but a restless craving for news and a desire to do something to help, with the feeling that "twas all so futile, took possession of us. Wyn took up her Red Cross classes. She came back the first evening much excited.

Crowds Volunteer for Nursing.

"There are crowds of us," she reported. "It is really funny, and soldiers are lying everywhere about in the 'Poly.' The lecturer said he had expected about five in the afternoon and six in the evening, and there were five hundred in the afternoon and six hundred in the evening. We were packed so tightly we could scarcely move. And all sorts of people, elderly men and women, boys and girls, well-dressed and all so keen."

Aunt Hannah bought unbleached twill for a soldier's shirt. On our way to the shore we noticed groups of respectable citizens near the town hall. They were waiting to be sworn in as special constables. A troop of Boy Scouts was lined up by the police station ready to take messages. Then we heard that the horses were being requisitioned as well as motor vans and carriages from the tradesmen.

Milkman Grieved for Horse.

A milkman grieved for his beautiful

horse who worked so well and loved him. "And who's going to look after him now, and see that he's properly treated?" Poor innocent beasts, they must take their share of suffering.

But there's no stat at our table and life runs on easy wheels—even in town. There is prodigious plenty in the shops. Fruit lies in golden and purple heaps, fish is abundant, there is no lack yet of any sort of commodities.

And our cruizers, we read, are bringing in food ships, and others arrive safely from over seas. We begin to realize what our fleet means, although it is invisible, and we are quite without news. Our troops, too, are in France, or Belgium, and on the fighting line, we wonder vainly.

London was guarded by the Territorials, they said, and the bridges, the stations, the reservoirs all over the country.

"Billeting Orders for 5,000."

The police came round with billeting orders from the War Office for 5,000 men in Chiswick. The suburbanites were shaken out of suburban calm, and great discussion reigned as to how they were to be lodged and fed. They had not come when I left, however, and maybe they are still expecting them.

It was strange, in my half-hour's journey down, to see the sentries at the stations; the khaki boys with bayonets fixed, marching up and down the platform—a contrast in physique to the stalwart navvies at work on the line; tents, too, by the harvest fields, and uniforms to be seen under the flaps—lookouts on the bridges.

And then, over here, the heavenly freshness and peace of the country. The sheep are among the clover and the cows swinging their tails in the meadow by the trees.

We "carry on" down here, in the house, in the garden. Life is good, and Belgium fights and bleeds. But there's no small and great, while we are ready for everything.

"Those Sweet Gräfin's."

I wrote to Austria just before the war was declared and wonder if the letter reached them in feudal Siemendorf. There's a pall between us now, and no way through. How much struck will those sweet Gräfin's be, their brothers and their friends called out, and doomed to fight, if needs be, against England—and they with their English ideas and sympathies! But that's one of the horrors and contradictions of war that friends should find themselves in opposing camps.

Edith, from near Paris, writes: "The servants are off their heads, for their men have gone to the war. But they have been so tiresome, and now much rather I would that we were fighting with the Germans than against them, when I think of the kind sisters at the Freiburg Clinique and the splendid doctors."

That haven of refuge for expectant mothers is shut off. I don't see how women can travel there for the wonderful and beautiful treatment in war time, treatment that is like a miracle to the mothers when they find their painless babies by their side—and Kroing and Gauss, the doctors, are they left in peace then, I wonder?

"ALIEN FRIENDS," THEY COMBINE IN HATING AND FIGHTING WAR, WHETHER IN PREVENTING IT OR CURING ITS VICTIMS.

Catt declares that women have no time now to turn aside for any benefits. Now is the time for them to work for peace, now or in the future.

Prevention Rather Than Cure.

"Suffrage is interested in prevention rather than cure. We are loath to recognize the Red Cross, because it comes from war, which we intend to fight with all our capabilities. If women had had their power I am convinced there would now be no necessity for Red Cross solicitations. No one on earth does not approve of the Red Cross, but we dare not expend time and money on it when we feel so drivingly the larger issue of making peace now or for the future."

Mrs. Schwimmer, who has come over here to ask America to form a mediation board which shall sit in Norway, a provedly peaceful and a disinterestedly neutral country, and ask, continually and uninteruptedly, the various nations to submit to arbitration, speaks of the great work that women are doing in Europe at this present tragic moment.

"At first," she said, "all the world went madly and hysterically to work. Women gathered into sewing circles. They laid in huge supplies of medicines and hospital materials, they converted their homes into would-be hospitals, all with the best will in the world, but no knowledge of what they were doing. I remember one particular sewing circle in London. In the midst of my great sorrow I was able to laugh at what they were doing," and outside her sorrow at the whole tragedy is her anguish for her own family serving in the Hungarian army.

But Yet They Were Knitting.

"These women were knitting woollen

nightcaps. They were peaked and in gorgeous purples, yellows, reds, blacks and every color but green, and they were so narrow that no man's head could possibly be fitted into them.

When I asked them—and they were intelligent women at that—why they made them so narrow, they replied that if they made them wider they could not make so many of them.

"Just in the same spirit, kindly but worse than useless, were the endeavors of the women who wanted to have the wounded sent to their homes to be cared for. Mrs. Marie Corbett, of Woodgate, wrote a strong letter in which she implored her countrywomen not to be fools. Instead of buying provisions ignorantly and sewing blindly, let them contribute money to the committees that will know how best to make use of it. Now the women have calmed down and are working earnestly, learning where to do the most good."

Relief for "Alien Enemies."

Woman suffrage societies in all countries are caring for foreign women. In London the headquarters of the international has been turned into a relief station for the "alien enemies." Here the chief care of the English are the Austrian, Hungarian and German contingencies who are helpless in a hostile land.

"The most remarkable part of all is that we women feel no enmity for each other. I have received letters from Holland, from Paris, from Russia, and they call me sister. (Mrs. Schwimmer in an English paper has been called 'Dear Enemy.') Such is the spirit of women. When they are properly organized and can put into practice these feelings there can no longer be war."

We are in devilish work, and yet we are out for freedom, and in the end for a lasting peace. This bloody Moloch of military despotism will surely never be worshipped again, especially in Germany, where believing in the Kaiser and his armaments has been an article of the Creed, taught to the nation by the clergy as well as by the governing powers. Prince Bulow once said, in a very materialistic application of Luther's hymn, "Though all the world were full of devils, Germany would yet fight to keep her place in the sun."

Dear old Holy Father! I think of him, and these among his last words, "I bless Peace."

Give Peace—O Lord!

August 23. Sunday. Again in the garden! It is like a little kingdom to myself. Across the road sound sheep bells, for a flock of sheep is contentedly browsing in a field of clover; overhead the martins are whirling and a sinking sun falls on their glistening

brist feathers. Safe in England. But down the hill, Territorials are mounting sentry at the station. In Belgium, what numbers of mothers' sons are there lying still with their faces toward the sky! And now the church-bells ring, and the people are going along to pray "Give peace in our time, O Lord!" I always thought the response to that prayer a tacit implication that ours must be the right of the quarrel. "Because there is none other that fighteth for us but only thou, O God," and perhaps there is a side allusion to our former "splendid (?) isolation."

I went to Westminster Abbey the first Sunday we were at war. Arch-deacon Wilberforce was to preach.

In the Abbey the bent old dean recited the prayers appointed by the Archbishop, while the people knelt reverently. Such beautiful prayers, taking in every one, and—"If our cause be right, give success to our arms!" We sang quietly, "O God, Our Help in Ages Past."

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